FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1900.

VOL. 40......NO. 14,024

"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED."



AS TO THE "OPEN DOOR."

the "open door." The door that really swings open the widest is that leading from President McKinley's Cabinet room to the street. Secretary Gage ought to avail himself of its openness.

And Mr. McKinley, if his Secretary is still in doubt, should forcibly lead him to the "open door" and close it, leaving Mr. Gage free of his "reasury

Careful reading of Mr. Gage's 75,000-word report in defending himself from The World's charges of favoritism and of violations of the law, and the clinching letter of A. B. Hepburn, should convince too a taste for the oil and the wholesome green Nearly all meats, fish, vegetables, fruits and nuts may the President that the "open door" should be

Mr. Gage must go!

TRUST DANGER APTLY POINTED.

OR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, of Standard Oil fame, explained to the Industrial Commission at Washington that one danger in trusts is that "combinations may be formed for speculation in stocks ather than for conducting business, and that for this purpose prices may be temporarily raised instead of being lowered."

On the same day, under Standard Oil Ampulses. releum advanced three cents per gallon and the public was "squeezed" to the extent of \$29,-

It appears that Mr. Rockefeller was quite right about that danger. He can swear to it of his own knowledge and belief.

TO RESCUE OF PURE ENGLISH. TH these young saleswomen, not so far

from New York, who have formed an indeed. association for the suppression of slang. will rest the undivided sympathy of all advocates of hnglish undefiled. They will need that sympathy, for they have undertaken a task at once delicate and herculean.

In the evolution of our curious tongue the line al language tom most as vague and mysterious as that of the borderland between waking fancies and slumber's dreams. We know what we speak, perhaps, but not what we may speak. What to-day is slang to-morrow is colloquialism and the next day accepted, every-day speech.

Before the ink on this type is dry it may be possine to observe, without subjecting the editorial diction to heavy censure, that the efforts of the young saleswomen will cut little ice outside their own circle. Yet at the present moment the application of the ice-cutting figure is clearly classi-Sed as slang.

Nevertheless, the example of personal reform to be commended. Extensive following would come near to working a miracle. In behalf of a long-suffering and patient mother tongue, we pray for that following.

A YOUNG MILLIONAIRE AT WORK.

HERE is common sense in Millionaire Potter Palmer's decision that his twin boys must go to work and learn the value of money. There is little hardship, however, in the lot of the first twin to take up his daily burden.

As a dollar-a-day messenger in his father's bank this young fellow is decidedly an edition de luxe (Drawing-room at Mme. de Stael Brown's, Washington, D. Time I A. M.) him roses and violets; his friends send him gently gaying notes. It must appear to him that the whole business is, for the moment at least, a diverting and edifying lark.

that young Mr. Cornellus Vanderbilt took up the of so many millions. I shall see you at 2 to-morrow, work at the Legation nowadays, Bright and early, you have in his father's religion above and the Madame, until then, added. more in his father's railroad shops and that mine. De State Brown-Fray don't kneet to me, tour O'Trigger-Thank you so much. Page is talk-Practical usefulness may follow young Mr. Pal- Catherine is beyond pure and without represent. I ing to Mr. Robinson. I'll take you to the Legation mer's sport. And the only thing to regret is the sibility that his plunge into messengering has rred from a dollar-a-day place some man who really needs the wage.

AN ASSEMBLY FOR HEALTH.

VIDENCE accumulates that our Municipal seembly exists principally for the health of its member Not even the Commisoner of Public Buildings, Lighting and plice is so your as to do that body rev-

embly says by ordinance that the Commot restore New York's twisted street of old positions. The Commissioner and the Corporation Counsel says

the end of the matter. But the end of what of that?

BEAUTY AND CHARACTER IN WOMAN'S NECK.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

ON'T think that the neck of a man or woman forward and sideways, revealing lines and delicacy of woman look like a caricature. I have found that certain necks belong to man finds it hard to withstand. ertain types of women, and, given a well-defined type,

and character of the individual. For example, take a woman who habitually carries her head as though her neck were stiff and she could not bend it forward. You may be certain an egoistical, ceremonious character goes with the neck. Usually you will find another sign of self-esteem in this woman's physical make-up. It is the long upper lip which without the stiff neck signifies only great

trength, and also indicates strong material tastes. Generally speaking, long-necked women are of dellcate constitution and liable to throat and lung diseases. For this reason they should take great precaulons to avoid eatching cold.

Short-necked people are usually robust of constitution, but because they indulge their appetites too freely when young are apt to be in great danger of apoplexy in later life.

The flirt's neck is often very beautiful, and is used with consummate effect. It is never very long and thin, nor is it short and stout, but rather between the two, and is soft and white, with a good deal of adipose GREAT deal is being said these days about tissue, as well as a strong muscular development. The woman with the flirt's neck will toss her head

GREEN SALADS HELPFUL; WE EAT FAR TOO FEW.

B a nation we cat too few green salads. They are much better for the family table than pastries and heavy sweets, and, if a choice must be made, leave out the descert course and substitute the green salads with French dressing. Pure olive oil is a valuable nutrient to anaemic and nervous women, and they can get it in the salad course in the easiest way. Cultivate in the children

be combined in salad form. Fruits should be clean,

The perfect neck, long or short, must be in proporcan in a general way come very near the disposition tion to the shoulders and body. A long neck with a They are called the necklace of Venus, and are seen the high, stiff linen collar which has been so long

skin texture and a beauty of flesh tints that mortal The delicate little lines that run around a woman's neck like a bracelet and are first seen at about five signify age, though I have seen them upon the throats and thirty are not signs of age, but of ripe beauty.

large head and shoulders all out of harmony make a on the throats of all the great beauties as painted by WO PARISIAN REATIONS OF THE REIGHING SEA SON



On the left a stylish street gown, trimmed with Marten and Passementerie. On the right a

Princess down of cloth and sable.

Dark green velvet and old rose cloth, with green

The claw-feet that appear under the chin usually do

of young women as the result of constantly wearing According to the standard fixed by the Greeks,

perfect neck should be twice the length of the nose and rather thick in proportion to its length. It should also be more slender at the upper part than

at the base, rounded and springing well from the shoulders, devoid of any marked depressions of muscles or tendons.

The perfect neck supports the head in a vertical position without any sign of stiffness or of wabbling. It is said that good business women-by which I disthetiy mean women who make a commercial successalmost without exception have rather short necks. Great financiers and many great political leaders have this type of neck.

The stubborn neck is set almost upon the shoulders, but the head above it is apt to be round, and though women who are so constructed make good executives they are too arbitrary to be generally successful. With daily care a woman's neck may retain its beautiful contour for years-far into the sixtles.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER. WHERE DRESS IS, BUT STYLE IS NOT.

FERE is a smartly made frock, with correct accessories. Is the wearer stylish? coks L'Art de la Mode. No. She resembles nothing so much as jelly that is too soft. Her hair is frowsy. She thinks t is "artistic" probably. But she is not suited to picturesque coiffures, and hers merely looks stringy and Ill-kempt.

She settles into her corsets, and lets them carry her, instead of using them merely for a waistband, lifting and carrying herself well up above them. She walks on her heels, and her frock slips down at the back and p in front as she transfers the curve which should e at the waist line in the back to the waist line in front, where there should be none. And so one might go on telling what style is not.

The girl who expects her face to be her fortune has

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

he said good-by. Nan flashed a look at 1 and he saw her eyes were filled with tears. Sudde he stooped and kissed her passionately once and t

CAPTAIR

-HE little village of

Ashland lay smiling to

the bright Spring sun-

shine when the call for

arms came. Most of the

young men of the town

only too glad to grasp the

chance of winning glory for

themselves, enlisted at

once. Among them was

When the word came that

the company should march

on the morrow, Jack re-

gretted only one thing, and

that was that he must

leave behind him pretty

By her graceful manner

and exquisite character, as

well as by the beauty of

her rosy, dimpled face, Nam

Haven had won the young man's big, honest heart, and, although he felt his

affection for her was re-

ciprocated, he had not yes

The night before the little

band of volunteers were to

a few early roses, called at the home of Miss Haven to

bid her good-by. He had hoped that he might find himself strong enough to tell her of his love, but the

evening passed away and he was still silent. At the door he held her hand in a

close grasp, while his ve

was husky with emotion

found the courage to

leave, Jack Knowiten,

his hope into words.

Nan Haven.

handsome Jack Knowlton.

fled down the steps. The morning came and the warm sunlight fell week the boys as they passed along the streets on the way to the train, lighting up buttons and flashing co swords. As they passed Nan's pretty home, J. Copyright, 1988, by the Prem Publishing Company, New York The husband who marries you for your beauty alone It is very rarely that you see a beautiful woman beauties he has ever thought he admired. And the Knowlton glanced up at the little balcony over the dear, plain little woman who can sympathize with door, and there was his little sweetheart waving her

The months were on, and news came fitfully to the shout for joy. Then would come news of a battle and all that might mean. Through it all Nan Haven ever." But these words do not apply to womankind prayer earnestly for her lover. Yes, she knew he loved her. What girl does not know when she is the object of a man's affections? And so she hoped always for the best.

Then came the joyous news that their soldier boys were returning, and great was the rejoicing therefor. The houses were draped in red, white and blue, while flags floated from every conceivable point. From her little balcony Nan saw the troops pass. Most of them were thinner, all were browner and some were miss ing. Then came her Jack, now Captain, but-what was that? His left sleeve hung empty. For a ment she grew diszy and faint. The next she had braced herself and waved frantically to Capt. Knowlton. But the Captain never moved his eyes from the front, and his face was drawn with ill-concealed eme-

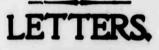
Non realized the truth, and in a moment of Jack Knowlton's home. When she reached the corner she saw him coming slowly along, his head bent. "Jack." she cries, but the young man only

and tries to pass on. "So." cries the girl, attempting to be scornful wa her heart is yearning toward him, "since you have become a Captain you no longer recognise etc.

friends?" "Nan. don't." is wrung from his pale line. "Forgive me," says the girl, putting out her bee

"Nan." says the young soldier, "I went away & mined that if I returned I would tell you of our to for you and ask you for your hand, but now-"Now, you need it more than ever, and you

take it," and she laid her soft warm hand in his



to the Editor of The Sweeing Worth: Look out for snow to-night. The riding on Jan. 10.

New York, Jan. 9. Long Island

o the Editor of The Breating World:

My wife loves a good joke. So when I am To the Editor of The Bree jealousy at my wit) asked me to leave his laughed herself into a coughing fit. And then I

Brown opens and reads it, after apologizing.)

Mme. de Stael Brown shrieks, calms down and hands
"Harry, you are gutting Claivere-r or

to do Biller of the Breater W. circles as to the most expressive way of we year in abbreviated form, that this idea is s

press the year as if. This reverses the all customary and at the same time express

tury we are ta. to the Miller of the Bre I wish to prot

F every woman on earth had her way about it she flight-and praises of it are no longer upon the lips They are not like the fruits of the earth that give him in his sorrows, counsel and console him when he tiny handkerchief, while among her dark locks needled their treasure up for the benefit of mankind, but like is most in need of it, grows in time so beautiful in one of the pink roses he had brought her the night of those about you. the flowers of the earth, whose only mission is to his eyes that he wonders that he was ever so blind before. She would choose beauty in preference to any Beauty alone has never won for any woman the as to see beauty in any other form or features. ther gift the gods could give her. unfaltering love of a noble man. riot in the sunshine and be admired. If the chill blasts of adversity overtake them, like the flower, they wither and perish. Do not depend upon your pretty face, my dears, to village among the hills. Sometimes it was good news, win you all the joys this life can give. Learn to be and the people would grasp hands and cheer and From her earliest infancy she is taught to note the

TO THE GIRL WHOSE FACE IS HER FORTUNE.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

World.)

would be beautiful of face.

ase and adoration-all that women sigh for in their umming up of perfect happiness.

ession to bank upon. Do not rely upon it wholly, for it is almost as short-

ved as the passing hour. Iliness or a heavy sorrow may rob you of every estige of it within a single fortnight. And if you poison of women's souls. have no other quality to fall back upon you are poor

is liable to fice from you when that beauty wings its one of the world's useful workers.

The beauty is, nine cases out of ten, a lazy girl. fact that beauty brings admiration and favor. And, She would rather see the dust an inch deep in the the flower, they wither and perish. as she grows older, she is taught that her beauty will room than stand the chance of ruining her complexion vin her a wealthy husband-bring her luxury and by raising the dust-by a vigorous use of the broom. that beauty of face is the very last on the list of a It has been said "A thing of beauty is a foy for She would rather pin her clothes together on her

than spoll her dainty hands with a needle. She would But, my dears, beauty is a most treacherous post go without cooking-if it obliged her to stand over a more commendable. hot stove to prepare the food. She is always conscious of her good looks, and is a dollar-what it will buy and how far it will go-is

Vanity and egotism are usually the beauty's prin-

The lesson for mothers to teach their daughters is

young girl's attractions. Usefulness, thrift and industry are a hundredfold whose beauty fades, tend it as carefully as they may. The prudent young girl who knows the full worth of much need of pity.

ever on the lookout for praise from all with whom she worth far more to a husband than the most brilliant comes in contact, forgetting that undue praise is the beauty that ever frittered away her time in a ball-

Miss Libbey writes these articles for The A sensible girl who can cook a square meal (should Evening World exclusively, by arrangement occasion demand it) is worth all the pink-and-white with the Family Story Paper,

useful and practical as well.

THE PRINCE THAT WASN'T--- A TEARFUL COMEDY



"YOU SO RESEMBLE MY EMPRESS."

POEM BY INGALLS.

OPPORTUNITY.

(In Two Scenes and Several Asides) Mme. DE STAEL BROWN (hostess)

Prince ORLOPPSKY (a palpable fraud) Gen. O'TRIGGER (soldler of fortune). MAUDE DE STAEL (nice but raveiled). Mrs. LEGATO VAN INGHAM (adventures

of the American workingman. His mother sends DRINGE ORLOFFSKY-Eef you will permit me. Madame, I shall take my leave. I have had an Was it in Egypt, where I was chief of staff in the evening of rare pleasure. Pray convey to M. de Khedives fighting army corps, or in a Cairo gamblingstael my regrets at not having the pleasure to meet house? I will watch. Stael my regrets at not having the pleasure to meet house? I will watch. him. You so resemble my Empress that I feel as I Mande de Stael-Going, Mr. Alright? Why, you did last time in the Winter Palace at Petersburg Englishmen are worse than Icelanders in every way. But it may be different yet. It is remembered when I knelt to kiss the hand that rules the destiny Archie Alright Sorry, you know, but I've im

Mme. De Stael-Brown-Pray don't kneel to me, Your O'Trigger?

opera to-morrow night? I expect some pretty girls; club. Mrs. Van Ingham is going with me. so you'd better not forget me.

Henry Clay Robinson-Excuse ME, Prince, but when just dying to have you tell me who is going to win in a pair. you get time I want to talk over Siberian matters South Africa. with you. (Aside) Maybe I can unload a lot of rails for the Trans-Siberian road.

The Prince (much agitated)-Siberta, str, is a painful topic to me. (Aside) I put in seven years there for put aside my regrets for my best friend who died there before the Embassy was created. (Aside) I'll and they were married in Baltimore at noon to-day. there (aside) (in prison), and open my heart to your marry Prince Orloffsky and trust to luck that he'll Mme. de Stael Brown (thinking of the prize her American questions. (Bows and exits.) Gen O'Trigger-I've seen that Prince somewhere

know. May I see you to your carriage, Miss

(From the Saturday Evening Post.)

Cities and Solds I walk; I penetrate

Fame, love and fortune on my sootsteps walt.

ASTER of Human Destinies am I!

erts and seas remote, and passing by

Hovel and mart and palace soon or late-

I knock unbidden once at every gate!

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,

If siceping, wake-if feesting, rise before

And they who follow me reach every state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe Save death: but these who death or her

feet me to rais and underly be



MRS. DE STAL BROWN SHRIEKS.

trust we shall see more of you. Will you be at the in my carriage if you like, or set you down at your heard the news? No? Orioffsky has eloped with Mrs. Mrs. Van Ingham-Oh, do come, Mr. Alright! I'm Mme. de Stael Brown-The hussy! The wretch! Such

> Alright-I'm with you. Pardon me, Mrs. Van Ingham, but did you ever meet Prince Orioffsky abroad?
>
> Mrs. Van Ingham—No, indeed; yet I flatter myself
> I know most of the Russian notables. My uncle,
>
> Gen. O'Trigger—But the best is to come. Her Bowle Colt Gatling, of Kentucky, was our Minister

orgive me after I am his wife for making him think daughter missed)-Shocking! It's an awful thing to am an heiress. Mme, de Stael Brown-Dear me, I wish they'd hurry (Enter footman with a telegram. Mme, de Stael

and these foreigners are not easily shocked. (Mine. do Steel Brown's destring-room. Time ! P. M. the day Mme. de Stad Brown (to footman)-Tes, show Gen

O'Trigger in. (Aside) How provoking, just when I expect the Prince.

Gen. O'Trigger (entery much excited)—Have you

M ODERN WOMAN . . . MUST BAT. WOMAN of thirty of to-day does not protend to

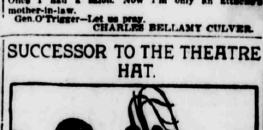
be a girl, whereas the opineter of the last generation often made hereaff ridiculous at forty-five by aping the reticences, the blushes and the child-lish apposition of sintees.

One wonders, indeed, what our comic writers would have done without her. For about a hundred years she has flourished in Highigh literature, a mixture of upoducated feel and marrow-minded sends.

neducated fool and narrow-mi red with an ice and was bold to be a patt

ultimate benefit of the race, as well as the ate benefit of the current menu, if this spe

MERRLY A CONJECTURE soubt 'the from the wondrous comm Of speech the fair sex among,



Gen. O'Trigger-Why, that's all right, sen't \$1?

Mme, de Stael Brown-All right? No, it's await Once I had a salon. Now I'm only an attacker

Gen. O'Trigger-That's not ad. She thinks he's a

nobleman. He's an escaped convict from Siberia, and

Gen. O'Trigger-But the best is to come. Henry Clay

Robinson, worth \$5,000,000, ran away with my daughter

do. How could a self-respecting girl-

Brown opens and reads it, after apologising.)

it to Gen. O'Trigger.
"Archie Alright and I were married at neon

